Three women got up, three Arab women; they took off their outer garments for the dance, undid their hair in front of the basin, then, bending forward, spread it on the water. The music, already very loud, swelled. Letting their wet hair fall over their shoulders, they danced awhile; it was a savage dance involving the whole body. If you have not seen it, nothing could give' an idea of it. An old Negress presided, who kept jumping around the basin and, holding a stick in one hand, occasionally struck the rim. We were later told, as we were beginning to understand, that all the women who danced on this day (and sometimes, so numerous are they, on these two days) were, whether Jewesses or Arabs, possessed of the demon. Each one in turn paid to have her right to dance, and the old Negress with the stick was a famous sorceress who knew the exorcisms and was able to make the demons pass from the bodies of the women into the frequently renewed water. As soon as it was impure it was thrown into the street. She who told us all this was the beautiful Jewess Goumarr'ha, who did not like to talk about it, because of a remainder of belief and something like shame to confess that last year she too, her body horribly knotted with hysteria, had taken part in the dance "hoping to find some relief for her suffering/' But afterward she had been much more seriously ill, and her husband, learning that she had danced at this gathering of witches, had beaten her steadily for three days to cure her.

The dance became animated; the women, haggard, wild-eyed, seeking to lose consciousness of their flesh, or better to lose all feeling, were reaching the crisis in which, their bodies escaping all control of the mind, the exorcism can operate effectively. After that instant exhaustion, sweating, dying, in the prostration that follows the crisis, they were to find the calm of deliverance.

Just now they are kneeling before the basin; their hands clutching the rim, and their bodies beating from right to left and forward and backward, swiftly, like a furious pendulum; their hair whips the water, then spatters their shoulders; each time they jerk forward they utter a low cry like that of woodsmen chopping; then suddenly tumble back-ward as if they had an epileptic fit, frothing at the mouth, and their hands twisted.

The evil spirit has left them. The sorceress takes them, lays them out, dries them, rubs them, stretches them, and, just as in a treatment for hysteria, seizing them by the wrists and half raising them up, presses with her foot or her knee on their abdomen.

There took part today, we are told, more than sixty. The first ones were still twisting about when others rushed forward. **One** was short and humpbacked, wearing a yellow and green gandurah, unforgettable; her hair, black as ink, covered her completely.

Some Jewesses danced too. They sprang in disorder like delirious